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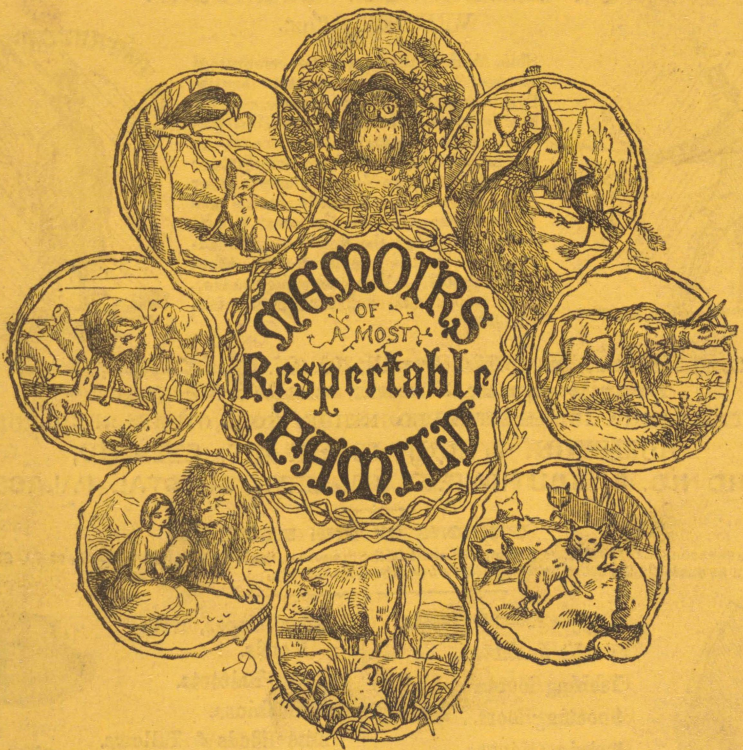

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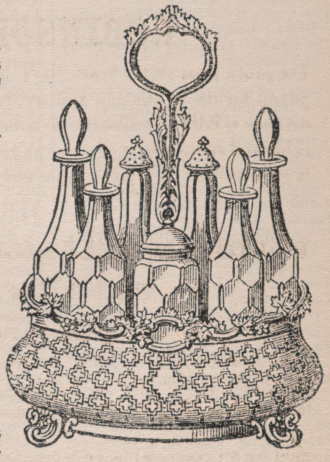

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ROWLANDS' KALYDOR,

FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

Is unequalled for its rare and inestimable qualities. The radiant bloom it imparts to the cheek; the softness and delicacy which it induces of the hands and arms; its capability of soothing irritation, and removing cutaneous defects, discolorations, and all unsightly appearances render it INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY TOILET.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

Or PEARL DENTIFRICE.

For Preserving and Beautifying the Teeth, Strengthening the Gums, and for rendering the Breath sweet and pure.

*** Sold by **A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON,** and by Chemists and Perfumers.

CAUTION.—Have the Quality of the Gold stated on the Invoice, and redress is obtainable in a County Court.

WATHERSTON & BROGDEN beg to announce that they have TAKEN SPACE in the CRYSTAL PALACE, with the view of giving universal publicity to the principle of SELLING GOLD CHAINS by Weight and Workmanship. To those who have not yet tested its value, the following examples will be found useful, showing the relative prices paid for LABOUR in the purchase of a genuine, and of a spurious Gold Chain.

GENUINE GOLD CHAIN.	£	s.	d.
Assumed cost of Gold Chain, of equal weight	10	0	0
Intrinsic value (if the Gold is of 15 carats)	7	0	0
Left for labour and profit	3	0	0

ELECTRO-GILT, OR POLISHED ZINC-GOLD CHAIN.	£	s.	d.
Assumed cost of Gold Chain, of equal weight	10	0	0
Intrinsic value (if the Gold is of 7½ carats)	3	10	0
Left, for labour and profit	6	10	0

Difference, 115 per cent.

WATHERSTON & BROGDEN, Goldsmiths, Crystal Palace, Central Transept, No. 23, Gallery of Precious Metals.

MANUFACTORY: No. 16, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.
ESTABLISHED A.D. 1798.
N.B.—ASSAYS MADE OF CHAINS AND JEWELLERY FOR 1s. EACH.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

UPWARDS OF FORTY YEARS' experience has fully confirmed the superior reputation of these Lozenges, in the cure of ASTHMA, WINTER COUGH, HOARSENESS, SHORTNESS of BREATH, and other PULMONARY MALADIES.

Prepared and Sold in Boxes, 1*s.* 1½*d.*, and Tins, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, and 10*s.* 6*d.* each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., No. 79, St. Paul's Church Yard, London. Sold Retail by all Druggists, &c.

N.B.—To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES" are engraven on the Government Stamp of each Box, without which, none are genuine.

CURE OF ASTHMA OF SEVERAL YEARS' STANDING.

Cainscross, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, March 20, 1850.

SIR,—Having been troubled with Asthma for several years, I could find no relief from any medicine whatever, until I was induced about two years ago to try a box of your valuable Lozenges, and found such relief from them that I am determined for the future never to be without a box of them in the house, and will do all in my power to recommend them to my friends.

If you consider the above Testimonial of any advantage, you are quite at liberty to make what use of it you please.

I am, Sir,
Your most obliged Servant,
W. J. TRIGG.

THOS. KEATING, ESQ.

KEATING'S COD LIVER OIL,

Imported direct from Newfoundland, of the finest quality, pale, purified, and nearly tasteless.

Half-Pints, 2s.; Pints, 3s. 6d.; Quarts, 6s. 6d.; Five-Pint Bottles, 15s. **Imperial Measure.**

*** Orders from the Country should expressly state "KEATING'S COD LIVER OIL."

DR. DE JONGH'S
LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

PREPARED FOR

MEDICINAL USE IN THE LOFFODEN ISLES, NORWAY,

AND PUT TO THE TEST OF CHEMICAL ANALYSIS.

PRESCRIBED BY EMINENT MEDICAL MEN

as the most effectual Remedy for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Gout, Rheumatism, some Diseases of the Skin, Rickets, Infantine Wasting, General Debility, and all Scrofulous Affections.

PURE AND UNADULTERATED.

THE great difficulty of obtaining genuine and good Cod Liver Oil, has long prevented a just appreciation of its acknowledged remedial virtues, and precluded many suffering invalids from realising the beneficial effects of this truly valuable medicine.

Dr. De Jongh's Light Brown Cod Liver Oil is of the best kind and finest quality, being extracted from the liver of the Dorse—*Gadus Callarias*, a species of Cod-fish caught at the Great Fishery of the Loffoden Isles—by a process yielding a much larger proportion of iodine, phosphate of lime, volatile acid, the elements of the bile, and other essential principles, than the Pale Oils manufactured in England and Newfoundland, which, by their mode of preparation, are deprived in a great measure of their active elements.

The well-merited celebrity of Dr. De Jongh's Oil, is attested by its extensive use in France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Italy, by numerous spontaneous testimonials from eminent members of the faculty and scientific chemists of European reputation, and since its recent introduction into this country, by the marked confidence as well as great success with which it has been prescribed by medical practitioners.

In many instances where other kinds of Cod Liver Oil had been taken with little or no benefit, it has produced almost immediate relief, arrested disease, and restored health.

The following are selected from some of the leading Medical and Scientific Testimonials in favour of Dr. DE JONGH's Cod Liver Oil:—

The late **DR. JONATHAN PEREIRA**, M.D., F.R.S.E., F.L.S.,
Professor at the University of London, Author of "The Elements of Materia Medica, and Therapeutics," &c. &c.

"My dear Sir,—I was very glad to find from you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that you were interested commercially in Cod Liver Oil. It was fitting that the author of the best analysis and investigations into the properties of this Oil should himself be the purveyor of this important medicine.

"I feel, however, some diffidence in venturing to fulfil your request by giving you my opinion of the quality of the Oil of which you gave me a sample; because I know that no one can be better, and few so well, acquainted with the physical and chemical properties of this medicine as yourself, whom I regard as the highest authority on the subject.

"I can, however, have no hesitation about the propriety of responding to your application. **The Oil which you gave me was of the very finest quality, whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties; and I am satisfied that for medicinal purposes, no finer Oil can be procured.**

"With my best wishes for your success, believe me, my dear Sir, to be very faithfully yours,

(Signed) **"JONATHAN PEREIRA,**

"To Dr. De Jongh. Finsbury-square, London, April 16, 1851."

Extract from "The LANCET," July 29, 1854.

"Cod Liver Oil has become one of the most generally prescribed and popular remedies of the day; and there are but few medical men who have prescribed it largely who do not bear witness to the benefit very frequently derived from this remedy, especially in cases of scrofula and phthisis.

"After a careful examination of the different kinds of Cod Liver Oil, Dr. De Jongh gives the preference to the light-brown oil over the pale oil, which contains scarcely any volatile fatty acid, a smaller quantity of iodine, phosphoric acid, and the elements of bile, and upon which ingredients the efficacy of Cod Liver Oil no doubt partly depends. Some of the deficiencies of the pale oil are attributable to the method of its preparation, and especially to its filtration through charcoal. **In the preference of the light brown over the pale oil we fully concur.**

"We have carefully tested a specimen of the Light Brown Cod Liver Oil, prepared for medical use under the direction of Dr. De Jongh, and obtained from the wholesale agents, Messrs. Ansar, Harford, and Co., 77, Strand. We find it to be genuine, and rich in iodine and the elements of bile."

Sold Wholesale and Retail, in Bottles, labelled with Dr. DE JONGH'S stamp and signature, by

ANSAR, HARFORD, and CO., 77, STRAND, LONDON.

Sole Consignees and Agents for the United Kingdom and British Possessions, and may be obtained from respectable Chemists and Druggists in Town and Country, at the following prices:—

Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.

IMPERIAL MEASURE.

*** **Four Half-pint Bottles forwarded, CARRIAGE PAID, to any part of England, on receipt of a remittance of Ten Shillings.**

THE

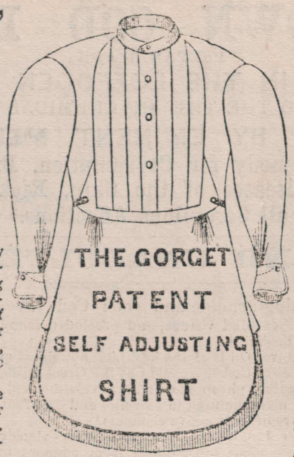
ELLIPTIC COLLAR,

TO FASTEN AT THE BACK.

WITH PATENT ELASTIC FASTENING.

THE GORGET combines novelty with perfection of Fit, is acknowledged by all to be the easiest fitting Shirt yet made, and, by a simple invention of the Patentees, adjusts itself to all movements of the body, either walking, sitting, or riding. Price, including the REGISTERED ELLIPTIC WRISTBAND, 42s. the half-dozen.

The ELLIPTIC 3-fold COLLAR, quite unique, in all shapes, with PATENT ELASTIC FASTENING, 12s. the dozen. The PATENT ELASTIC COLLAR FASTENING can be attached to any Collar, opening back or front. Six sent by Post on receipt of 13 Postage Stamps.



THE

ELLIPTIC COLLAR,

TO FASTEN IN FRONT.

WITH PATENT ELASTIC FASTENING.

Directions for Measurement.

1. Round the Chest, over the Shirt.
2. Round the Waist, over the Shirt.
3. Round the Neck, middle of Throat.
4. Round the Wrist.
5. Length of Coat Sleeve, from centre of Back, down seam of Sleeve, to bottom of Cuff.
6. Length of Shirt at back.

The first four measures must be taken *tight*.

Say if the Shirts are to open back or front.

If with Collars attached (3s. the half-dozen extra).

If Buttons or Studs in Front.

If Buttons or Studs at Wrist.

Sample Shirt forwarded upon receipt of a Post Office Order for 8s. 6d.

PATENTEES,

COOPER AND FRYER,

NEXT DOOR TO THE HAYMARKET THEATRE,

And CRYSTAL PALACE, SOUTH GALLERY.

UMBRELLAS.

THE PARAGON,

MADE ON FOX'S PATENT FRAMES,

Is the only Umbrella that combines strength with extraordinary lightness, weighing only 9 to 10 ounces.

From the experience of the last 12 months, during which time several thousands have been sold,

W. & J. SANGSTER

have such confidence in its merits, that they will undertake to keep in repair for a period of two years, all that may be bought at either of their establishments.

To gentlemen going to India and other hot climates, as also to Tourists, the "Paragon," as a sun-shade, will be found invaluable.

W. & J. SANGSTER beg likewise to call attention to their Alpaca Umbrellas, which on account of their durability and cheapness, continue to be so largely patronised.

W. AND J. SANGSTER,

140, Regent Street. **10, Royal Exchange;**

94, Fleet Street. **75, Cheapside.**

SHIPPERS AND DEALERS SUPPLIED.

The Marquis "en Montagnard."

At the Hotel de Florac.

CHAPTER VII.

A STAG OF TEN.

HE London season was very nearly come to an end, and Lord Farintosh had danced I don't know how many times with Miss Newcome, had drunk several bottles of the old Kew port, had been seen at numerous breakfasts, operas, races, and public places by the young lady's side, and had not as yet made any such proposal as Lady Kew expected for her grand-daughter. Clive going to see his military friends in the Regent's Park once, and finish Captain Butts's portrait in barracks, heard two or three young men talking, and one say

to another, "I bet you three to two Farintosh don't marry her, and I

bet you even that he don't ask her." Then as he entered Mr. Butts's room, where these gentlemen were conversing, there was a silence and an awkwardness. The young fellows were making an "event" out of Ethel's marriage, and sporting their money freely on it.

To have an old countess hunting a young marquis so resolutely that all the world should be able to look on and speculate whether her game would be run down by that staunch toothless old pursuer—that is an amusing sport, isn't it? and affords plenty of fun and satisfaction to those who follow the hunt. But for a heroine of a story, be she ever so clever, handsome, and sarcastic, I don't think for my part at this present stage of the tale, Miss Ethel Newcome occupies a very dignified position. To break her heart in silence for Tomkins who is in love with another; to suffer no end of poverty, starvation, capture by ruffians, ill-treatment by a bullying husband, loss of beauty by the small-pox, death even at the end of the volume; all these mishaps a young heroine may endure (and has endured in romances over and over again), without losing the least dignity, or suffering any diminution of the sentimental reader's esteem. But a girl of great beauty, high temper, and strong natural intellect, who submits to be dragged hither and thither in an old grandmother's leash, and in pursuit of a husband who will run away from the couple, such a person, I say, is in a very awkward position as a heroine; and I declare if I had another ready to my hand (and unless there were extenuating circumstances), Ethel should be deposed at this very sentence.

But, a novelist must go on with his heroine, as a man with his wife, for better or worse, and to the end. For how many years have the Spaniards borne with their gracious queen, not because she was faultless, but because she was there. So Chambers and grandees cried, God save her, Alabarderos turned out, drums beat, cannons fired, and people saluted Isabella Segunda, who was no better than the humblest washerwoman of her subjects. Are *we* much better than our neighbours? Do we never yield to our peculiar temptation, our pride, or our avarice or our vanity, or what not? Ethel is very wrong certainly. But recollect, she is very young. She is in other people's hands. She has been bred up and governed by a very worldly family, and taught their traditions. We would hardly, for instance, the staunchest Protestant in England would hardly be angry with poor little Isabella Segunda for being a Catholic. So if Ethel worships at a certain image which a great number of good folks in England bow to, let us not be too angry with her idolatry, and bear with our queen a little longer before we make our pronunciamento.

No, Miss Newcome, yours is not a dignified position in life, however you may argue that hundreds of people in the world are doing like you. O me! what a confession it is, in the very outset of life and blushing brightness of youth's morning, to own that the aim with which a young girl sets out, and the object of her existence, is to marry a rich

man; that she was endowed with beauty so that she might buy wealth, and a title with it; that as sure as she has a soul to be saved, her business here on earth is to try and get a rich husband. That is the career for which many a woman is bred and trained. A young man begins the world with some aspirations at least; he will try to be good and follow the truth; he will strive to win honours for himself, and never do a base action; he will pass nights over his books, and forego ease and pleasure so that he may achieve a name. Many a poor wretch who is worn out now and old, and bankrupt of fame and money too, has commenced life at any rate with noble views, and generous schemes, from which weakness, idleness, passion, or overpowering hostile fortune have turned him away. But a girl of the world, *bon Dieu!* the doctrine with which she begins is that she is to have a wealthy husband: the article of Faith in her catechism, is, "I believe in elder sons, and a house in town, and a house in the country?" They are mercenary as they step fresh and blooming into the world out of the nursery. They have been schooled there to keep their bright eyes to look only on the prince and the duke, Crœsus and Dives. By long cramping and careful process, their little natural hearts have been squeezed up, like the feet of their fashionable little sisters in China. As you see a pauper's child, with an awful premature knowledge of the pawn-shop, able to haggle at market with her wretched halfpence, and battle bargains at hucksters' stalls, you shall find a young beauty, who was a child in the school-room a year since, as wise and knowing as the old practitioners on that exchange; as economical of her smiles, as dexterous in keeping back or producing her beautiful wares; as skilful in setting one bidder against another; as keen as the smartest merchant in Vanity Fair.

If the young gentlemen of the Life Guards Green who were talking about Miss Newcome and her suitors, were silent when Clive appeared amongst them, it was because they were aware not only of his relationship to the young lady, but his unhappy condition regarding her. Certain men there are who never tell their love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on their damask cheeks; others again must be not always thinking, but talking about the darling object. So it was not very long before Captain Crackthorpe was taken into Clive's confidence, and through Crackthorpe very likely the whole mess became acquainted with his passion. These young fellows, who had been early introduced into the world, gave Clive small hopes of success, putting to him, in their downright phraseology, the point of which he was already aware, that Miss Newcome was intended for his superiors, and that he had best not make his mind uneasy by sighing for those beautiful grapes which were beyond his reach.

But the good-natured Crackthorpe, who had a pity for the young painter's condition, helped him so far (and gained Clive's warmest thanks for his good offices), by asking admission for Clive to certain

evening parties of the *beau-monde*, where he had the gratification of meeting his charmer. Ethel was surprised and pleased, and Lady Kew surprised and angry at meeting Clive Newcome at these fashionable houses; the girl herself was touched very likely at his pertinacity in following her. As there was no actual feud between them, she could not refuse now and again to dance with her cousin; and thus he picked up such small crumbs of consolation as a youth in his state can get; lived upon six words vouchsafed to him in a quadrille, or brought home a glance of the eyes which she had presented to him in a waltz, or the remembrance of a squeeze of the hand on parting or meeting. How eager he was to get a card to this party or that! how attentive to the givers of such entertainments! Some friends of his accused him of being a tuft-hunter and flatterer of the aristocracy, on account of his politeness to certain people; the truth was, he wanted to go wherever Miss Ethel was; and the ball was blank to him which she did not attend.

This business occupied not only one season, but two. By the time of the second season, Mr. Newcome had made so many acquaintances, that he needed few more introductions into society. He was very well known as a good-natured handsome young man, and a very good waltzer, the only son of an Indian officer of large wealth, who chose to devote himself to painting, and who was supposed to entertain an unhappy fondness for his cousin the beautiful Miss Newcome. Kind folks who heard of this little *tendre*, and were sufficiently interested in Mr. Clive, asked him to their houses in consequence. I dare say those people who were good to him may have been themselves at one time unlucky in their own love affairs.

When the first season ended without a declaration from my lord, Lady Kew carried off her young lady to Scotland, where it also so happened that Lord Farintosh was going to shoot, and people made what surmises they chose upon this coincidence. Surmises, why not? You who know the world, know very well that if you see Mrs. So-and-so's name in the list of people at an entertainment, on looking down the list you will presently be sure to come on Mr. Whatdyoucallem's. If Lord and Lady Blank, of Suchandsuch Castle, received a distinguished circle (including Lady Dash), for Christmas or Easter, without reading farther the names of the guests, you may venture on any wager that Captain Asterisk is one of the company. These coincidences happen every day; and some people are so anxious to meet other people, and so irresistible is the magnetic sympathy I suppose, that they will travel hundreds of miles in the worst of weather to see their friends, and break your door open almost, provided the friend is inside it.

I am obliged to own the fact, that for many months Lady Kew hunted after Lord Farintosh. This rheumatic old woman went to Scotland, where, as he was pursuing the deer, she stalked his lordship: from Scotland she went to Paris, where he was taking lessons in dancing at the Chaumière; from Paris to an English country house,

for Christmas, where he was expected, but didn't come—not being, his professor said, quite complete in the Polka, and so on. If Ethel were privy to these manœuvres, or anything more than an unwittingly consenting party, I say we would depose her from her place of heroine at once. But she was acting under her grandmother's orders, a most imperious, irresistible, managing old woman, who exacted everybody's obedience, and managed everybody's business in her family. Lady Ann Newcome being in attendance on her sick husband, Ethel was consigned to the Countess of Kew, her grandmother, who hinted that she should leave Ethel her property when dead, and whilst alive expected the girl should go about with her. She had and wrote as many letters as a Secretary of State almost. She was accustomed to set off without taking any body's advice, or announcing her departure until within an hour or two of the event. In her train moved Ethel, against her own will, which would have led her to stay at home with her father, but at the special wish and order of her parents. Was such a sum as that of which Lady Kew had the disposal (Hobson Brothers knew the amount of it quite well) to be left out of the family? Forbid it all ye powers! Barnes—who would have liked the money himself, and said truly that *he* would live with his grandmother anywhere she liked if he could get it,—Barnes joined most energetically with Sir Bryan and Lady Ann in ordering Ethel's obedience to Lady Kew. You know how difficult it is for one young woman not to acquiesce when the family council strongly orders. In fine, I hope there was a good excuse for the queen of this history, and that it was her wicked domineering old prime minister who led her wrong. Otherwise, I say, we would have another dynasty. O, to think of a generous nature, and the world, and nothing but the world, to occupy it!—of a brave intellect, and the milliner's bandboxes, and the scandal of the coteries, and the fiddle-faddle etiquette of the court for its sole exercise! of the rush and hurry from entertainment to entertainment; of the constant smiles and cares of representation; of the prayerless rest at night, and the awaking to a godless morrow! This was the course of life to which Fate, and not her own fault, altogether, had for a while handed over Ethel Newcome. Let those pity her who can feel their own weakness and misgoing; let those punish her who are without fault themselves.

Clive did not offer to follow her to Scotland. He knew quite well that the encouragement he had had was only of the smallest; that as a relation she received him frankly and kindly enough, but checked him when he would have adopted another character. But it chanced that they met in Paris, whither he went in the Easter of the ensuing year, having worked to some good purpose through the winter, and dispatched as on a former occasion his three or four pictures, to take their chance at the Exhibition.

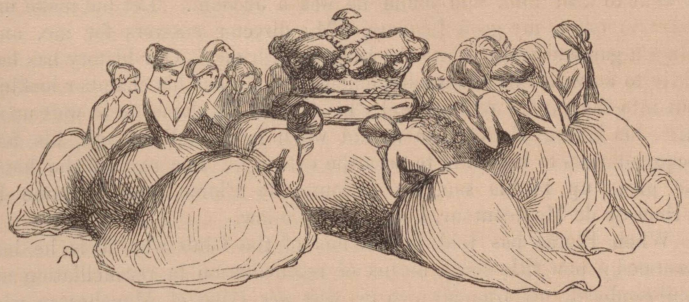
Of these it is our pleasing duty to be able to corroborate, to some extent, Mr. F. Bayham's favourable report. Fancy sketches and historical pieces our young man had eschewed; having convinced himself

either that he had not an epic genius, or that to draw portraits of his friends was a much easier task than that which he had set himself formerly. Whilst all the world was crowding round a pair of J. J.'s little pictures, a couple of chalk heads were admitted into the Exhibition (his great picture of Captain Crackthorpe on horseback, in full uniform, I must own was ignominiously rejected) and the friends of the parties had the pleasure of recognising in the miniature room, No. 1246, Portrait of an Officer,—viz., Augustus Butts, Esq., of the Life Guards Green; and Portrait of the Rev. Charles Honeyman, No. 1272. Miss Sherrick the hangers refused; Mr. Binnie, Clive had spoiled, as usual, in the painting; the chalk heads, however, before named, were voted to be faithful likenesses, and executed in a very agreeable and spirited manner. F. Bayham's criticism on these performances, it need not be said, was tremendous. Since the days of Michael Angelo you would have thought there never had been such drawings. In fact, F. B., as some other critics do, clapped his friends so boisterously on the back, and trumpeted their merits with such prodigious energy as to make his friends themselves sometimes uneasy.

Mr. Clive, whose good father was writing home more and more wonderful accounts of the Bundelcund Bank, in which he had engaged, and who was always pressing his son to draw for more money, treated himself to comfortable rooms at Paris, in the very same hotel where the young Marquis of Farintosh occupied lodgings much more splendid, and where he lived, no doubt, so as to be near the professor, who was still teaching his lordship the Polka. Indeed, it must be said that Lord Farintosh made great progress under this artist, and that he danced very much better in his third season than in the first and second years after he had come upon the town. From the same instructor the Marquis learned the latest novelties in French conversation, the choicest oaths and phrases (for which she was famous), so that although his French grammar was naturally defective, he was enabled to order a dinner at Philippe's, and to bully a waiter, or curse a hackney coachman with extreme volubility. A young nobleman of his rank was received with the distinction which was his due, by the French sovereign of that period; and at the Tuileries, and the houses of the French nobility, which he visited, Monsieur le Marquis de Farintosh excited considerable remark, by the use of some of the phrases which his young professor had taught to him. People even went so far as to say that the Marquis was an awkward and dull young man, of the very worst manners.

Whereas the young Clive Newcome—and it comforted the poor fellow's heart somewhat, and be sure pleased Ethel, who was looking on at his triumphs—was voted the most charming young Englishman who had been seen for a long time in our salons. Madame de Florac, who loved him as a son of her own, actually went once or twice into the world in order to see his *début*. Madame de Montcontour inhabited a part of the Hotel de Florac, and received society there. The French people did not understand what bad English she talked, though they

comprehended Lord Farintosh's French blunders. "Monsieur Newcome is an artist! What a noble career!" cries a great French lady, the wife of a Marshal, to the astonished Miss Newcome. "This young man is the cousin of the charming Mees? You must be proud to possess such a nephew, Madame!" says another French lady to the Countess of Kew (who, you may be sure, is delighted to have such a relative). And the French lady invites Clive to her receptions expressly in order to make herself agreeable to the old Comtesse. Before the cousins have been three minutes together in Madame de Florac's salon, she sees that Clive is in love with Ethel Newcome. She takes the boy's hand and says "*J'ai votre secret, mon ami;*" and her eyes regard him for a moment as fondly, as tenderly, as ever they looked at his father. O what tears have they shed, gentle eyes! O what faith has it kept, tender heart! If love lives through all life; and survives through all sorrow; and remains steadfast with us through all changes; and in all darkness of spirit burns brightly; and, if we die, deplores us for ever, and loves still equally; and exists with the very last gasp and throb of the faithful bosom—whence it passes with the pure soul, beyond death; surely it shall be immortal? Though we who remain are separated from it, is it not ours in Heaven? If we love still those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love? Forty years have passed away. Youth and dearest memories revisit her, and Hope almost wakes up again out of its grave, as the constant lady holds the young man's hand, and looks at the son of Thomas Newcome.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE HÔTEL DE FLORAC.

SINCE the death of the Duc d'Ivry, the husband of Mary Queen of Scots, the Comte de Florac, who is now the legitimate owner of the ducal title, does not choose to bear it, but continues to be known in the world by his old name. The old Count's world is very small. His doctor, and his director, who comes daily to play his game of picquet; his daughter's children, who amuse him by their laughter, and play round his chair in the garden of his hotel; his faithful wife, and one or two friends as old as himself, form his society. His son the Abbé is with them but seldom. The austerity of his manners frightens his old father, who can little comprehend the religionism of the new school. After going to hear his son preach through Lent at Notre Dame, where the Abbé de Florac gathered a great congregation, the old Count came away quite puzzled at his son's declamations. "I do not understand your new priests," he says; "I knew my son had become a Cordelier; I went to hear him, and found he was a Jacobin. Let me make my salut in quiet, my good Léonore. My director answers for me, and plays a game at trictrac into the bargain with me." Our history has but little to do with this venerable nobleman. He has his chamber looking out into the garden of his hotel; his faithful old domestic to wait upon him, his House of Peers to attend when he is well enough, his few acquaintances to help him to pass the evening. The rest of the hotel he gives up to his son, the Vicomte de Florac, and Madame la Princesse de Montcontour, his daughter-in-law.

When Florac has told his friends of the Club why it is he has assumed a new title—as a means of reconciliation (a reconciliation all philosophical, my friends) with his wife *née* Higg of Manchester, who adores titles like all Anglaises, and has recently made a great succession, everybody allows that the measure was dictated by prudence, and there is no more laughter at his change of name. The Princess takes the first floor of the hotel at the price paid for it by the American General, who has returned to his original pigs at Cincinnati. Had not Cincinnatus himself pigs on his farm, and was he not a general and member of Congress too? The honest Princess has a bed-chamber, which, to her terror, she is obliged to open of reception-evenings, when gentlemen and ladies play cards there. It is fitted up in the style of

Louis XVI. In her bed is an immense looking-glass, surmounted by stucco cupids: it is an alcove which some powdered Venus, before the Revolution, might have reposed in. Opposite that looking-glass, between the tall windows, at some forty feet distance, is another huge mirror, so that when the poor Princess is in bed, in her prim old curl-papers, she sees a vista of elderly princesses twinkling away into the dark perspective; and is so frightened that she and Betsy, her Lancashire maid, pin up the jonquil silk curtains over the bed-mirror after the first night; though the Princess never can get it out of her head that her image is still there, behind the jonquil hangings, turning as she turns, waking as she wakes, &c. The chamber is so vast and lonely that she has a bed made for Betsy in the room. It is, of course, whisked away into a closet on reception-evenings. A boudoir, rose-tendre, with more cupids and nymphs by Boucher, sporting over the door-panels—nymphs who may well shock old Betsy and her old mistress—is the Princess's morning room. "Ah, Mum, what would Mr. Humper at Manchester, Mr. Jowls of Newcome (the minister whom, in early days, Miss Higgs used to sit under) say if they was browt into this room!" But there is no question of Mr. Jowls and Mr. Humper, excellent dissenting divines, who preached to Miss Higg, being brought into the Princesse de Montcontour's boudoir.

That paragraph, respecting a conversion in high life, which F. B. in his enthusiasm inserted in the "Pall Mall Gazette," caused no small excitement in the Florac family. The Florac family read the "Pall Mall Gazette," knowing that Clive's friends were engaged in that periodical. When Madame de Florac, who did not often read newspapers, happened to cast her eye upon that poetic paragraph of F. B.'s, you may fancy with what a panic it filled the good and pious lady. Her son become a Protestant! After all the grief and trouble his wildness had occasioned to her, Paul forsake his religion! But that her husband was so ill and aged as not to be able to bear her absence, she would have hastened to London to rescue her son out of that perdition. She sent for her younger son, who undertook the embassy; and the Prince and Princesse de Montcontour in their hotel at London were one day surprised by the visit of the Abbé de Florac.

As Paul was quite innocent of any intention of abandoning his religion, the mother's kind heart was very speedily set at rest by her envoy. Far from Paul's conversion to Protestantism, the Abbé wrote home the most encouraging accounts of his sister-in-law's precious dispositions. He had communications with Madame de Montcontour's Anglican director, a man of not powerful mind, wrote M. l'Abbé, though of considerable repute for eloquence in his sect. The good dispositions of his sister-in-law were improved by the French clergyman, who could be most captivating and agreeable when a work of conversion was in hand. The visit reconciled the family to their English relative, in whom good nature and many other good qualities were to be seen now that there were hopes of reclaiming her. It was

agreed that Madame de Montcontour should come and inhabit the Hôtel de Florac at Paris: perhaps the Abbé tempted the worthy lady by pictures of the many pleasures and advantages she would enjoy in that capital. She was presented at her own court by the French ambassadress of that day: and was received at the Tuileries with a cordiality which flattered and pleased her.

Having been presented herself, Madame la Princesse in turn presented to her august sovereign Mrs. T. Higg and Miss Higg, of Manchester, Mrs. Samuel Higg, of Newcome; the husbands of those ladies (the Princess's brothers) also sporting a court dress for the first time. Sam Higg's neighbour, the member for Newcome, Sir Bryan Newcome, Bart., was too ill to act as Higg's sponsor before majesty; but Barnes Newcome was uncommonly civil to the two Lancashire gentlemen; though their politics were different to his, and Sam had voted against Sir Bryan at his last election. Barnes took them to dine at a club—recommended his tailor—sent Lady Clara Pulleyn to call on Mrs. Higg—who pronounced her to be a pretty young woman and most haffable. The Countess of Dorking would have been delighted to present these ladies had the Princess not luckily been in London to do that office. The Hobson Newcomes were very civil to the Lancashire party, and entertained them splendidly at dinner. I believe Mrs. and Mr. Hobson themselves went to court this year, the latter in a deputy lieutenant's uniform.

If Barnes Newcome was so very civil to the Higg family we may suppose he had good reason. The Higgs were very strong in Newcome, and it was advisable to conciliate them. They were very rich and their account would not be disagreeable at the Bank. Madame de Montcontour's—a large easy private account—would be more pleasant still. And, Hobson Brothers having entered largely into the Anglo-Continental Railway, whereof mention has been made, it was a bright thought of Barnes to place the Prince of Montcontour, &c. &c., on the French Direction of the Railway; and to take the princely prodigal down to Newcome with his new title, and reconcile him to his wife and the Higg family. Barnes we may say invented the principality: rescued the Vicomte de Florac out of his dirty lodgings in Leicester Square, and sent the Prince of Montcontour back to his worthy middle-aged wife again. The disagreeable dissenting days were over. A brilliant young curate of Doctor Bulders, who also wore long hair, straight waistcoats, and no shirt collars, had already reconciled the Vicomtesse de Florac to the persuasion, whereof the ministers are clad in that queer uniform. The landlord of their hotel in St. James's got his wine from Sherrick, and sent his families to Lady Whittlesea's Chapel. The Rev. Charles Honeyman's eloquence and amiability were appreciated by his new disciple—thus the historian has traced here step by step how all these people became acquainted.

Sam Higg, whose name was very good on 'Change in Manchester and London, joined the direction of the Anglo-Continental. A brother

had died lately, leaving his money amongst them, and his wealth had added considerably to Madame de Florac's means; his sister invested a portion of her capital in the Railway in her husband's name. The shares were at a premium, and gave a good dividend. The Prince de Montcontour took his place with great gravity at the Paris board, whither Barnes made frequent flying visits. The sense of capitalism sobered and dignified Paul de Florac: at the age of five and forty he was actually giving up being a young man, and was not ill-pleased at having to enlarge his waistcoats, and to show a little gray in his moustache. His errors were forgotten: he was *bien vu* by the government. He might have had the Embassy Extraordinary to Queen Pomaré; but the health of Madame la Princesse was delicate. He paid his wife visits every morning: appeared at her parties and her opera box, and was seen constantly with her in public. He gave quiet little dinners still, at which Clive was present sometimes: and had a private door and key to his apartments, which were separated by all the dreary length of the reception-rooms from the mirrored chamber and jonquil couch where the Princess and Betsy reposed. When some of his London friends visited Paris he showed us these rooms and introduced us duly to Madame la Princesse. He was as simple and as much at home in the midst of these splendours, as in the dirty little lodgings in Leicester Square, where he painted his own boots, and cooked his herring over the tongs. As for Clive, he was the infant of the house, Madame la Princesse could not resist his kind face; and Paul was as fond of him in his way, as Paul's mother in her's. Would he live at the hotel de Florac? There was an excellent atélier in the pavillion, with a chamber for his servant. No! you will be most at ease in apartments of your own. You will have here but the society of women. I do not rise till late: and my affairs, my board, call me away for the greater part of the day. Thou wilt but be ennuyé to play trictrac with my old father. My mother waits on him. My sister au second is given up entirely to her children, who always have the *pituite*. Madame la Princesse is not amusing for a young man. Come and go when thou wilt, Clive, my garçon, my son: thy cover is laid. Wilt thou take the portraits of all the family? Hast thou want of money? I had at thy age and almost ever since, *mon ami:* but now we swim in gold, and when there is a louis in my purse, there are ten francs for thee.' To show his mother that he did not think of the Reformed Religion, Paul did not miss going to mass with her on Sunday. Sometimes Madame Paul went too, between whom and her mother-in-law there could not be any liking, but there was now great civility. They saw each other once a day: Madame Paul always paid her visit to the Comte de Florac: and Betsy, her maid, made the old gentleman laugh by her briskness and talk. She brought back to her mistress the most wonderful stories which the old man told her about his doings during the emigration—before he married Madame la Comtesse—when he gave lessons in dancing, parbleu! There was his fiddle still, a trophy of those old

times. He chirped, and coughed, and sang, in his cracked old voice, as he talked about them. "Lor! bless you, Mum," says Betsy, "he must have been a terrible old man!" He remembered the times well enough, but the stories he sometimes told over twice or thrice in an hour. I am afraid he had not repented sufficiently of those wicked old times: else why did he laugh and giggle so when he recalled them? He would laugh and giggle till he was choked with his old cough: and old St. Jean, his man, came and beat M. le Comte on the back, and made M. le Comte take a spoonful of his syrup.

Between two such women as Madame de Florac and Lady Kew, of course there could be little liking or sympathy. Religion, love, duty, the family, were the French lady's constant occupation,—duty and the family, perhaps, Lady Kew's aim too,—only the notions of duty were different in either person. Lady Kew's idea of duty to her relatives being to push them on in the world: Madame de Florac's to soothe, to pray, to attend them with constant watchfulness, to strive to mend them with pious counsel. I don't know that one lady was happier than the other. Madame de Florac's eldest son was a kindly prodigal: her second had given his whole heart to the church: her daughter had centred hers on her own children, and was jealous if their grandmother laid a finger on them. So Léonore de Florac was quite alone. It seemed as if Heaven had turned away all her children's hearts from her. Her daily business in life was to nurse a selfish old man, into whose service she had been forced in early youth, by a paternal decree which she never questioned; giving him obedience, striving to give him respect,—everything but her heart, which had gone out of her keeping. Many a good woman's life is no more cheerful; a spring of beauty, a little warmth and sunshine of love, a bitter disappointment, followed by pangs and frantic tears, then a long monotonous story of submission. "Not here, my daughter, is to be your happiness," says the priest; "whom Heaven loves it afflicts." And he points out to her the agonies of suffering saints of her sex; assures her of their present beatitudes and glories; exhorts her to bear her pains with a faith like theirs; and is empowered to promise her a like reward.

The other matron is not less alone. Her husband and son are dead, without a tear for either,—to weep was not in Lady Kew's nature. Her grandson, whom she had loved perhaps more than any human being, is rebellious and estranged from her; her children separated from her, save one whose sickness and bodily infirmity the mother resents as disgraces to herself. Her darling schemes fail somehow. She moves from town to town, and ball to ball, and hall to castle, for ever uneasy and always alone. She sees people scared at her coming; is received by sufferance and fear rather than by welcome; likes perhaps the terror which she inspires, and to enter over the breach rather than through the hospitable gate. She will try and command wherever she goes; and trample over dependants and society, with a grim consciousness that it dislikes her, a rage at its cowardice, and an unbending will to

domineer. To be old, proud, lonely, and not have a friend in the world —that is her lot in it. As the French lady may be said to resemble the bird which the fables say feeds her young with her blood; this one, if she has a little natural liking for her brood, goes hunting hither and thither and robs meat for them. And so I suppose, to make the simile good, we must compare the Marquis of Farintosh to a lamb for the nonce, and Miss Ethel Newcome to a young eaglet. Is it not a rare provision of nature (or fiction of poets, who have their own natural history) that the strong-winged bird can soar to the sun and gaze at it, and then come down from heaven and pounce on a piece of carrion?

After she became acquainted with certain circumstances, Madame de Florac was very interested about Ethel Newcome, and strove in her modest way to become intimate with her. Miss Newcome and Lady Kew attended Madame de Montcontour's Wednesday evenings. "It is as well, my dear, for the interests of the family that we should be particularly civil to these people," Lady Kew said; and accordingly she came to the Hôtel de Florac, and was perfectly insolent to Madame la Princesse every Thursday evening. Towards Madame de Florac, even Lady Kew could not be rude. She was so gentle as to give no excuse for assault: Lady Kew vouchsafed to pronounce that Madame de Florac was "très grande-dame,"—"of the sort which is almost impossible to find now-a-days," Lady Kew said, who thought she possessed this dignity in her own person. When Madame de Florac, blushing, asked Ethel to come and see her, Ethel's grandmother consented with the utmost willingness. "She is very *dévote* I have heard, and will try and convert you. Of course you will hold your own about that sort of thing; and have the good sense to keep off theology. There is no Roman Catholic *parti* in England or Scotland that is to be thought of for a moment. You will see they will marry young Lord Derwentwater to an Italian princess; but he is only seventeen, and his directors never lose sight of him. Sir Bartholomew Fawkes will have a fine property when Lord Campion dies, unless Lord Campion leaves the money to the convent where his daughter is—and, of the other families, who is there? I made every inquiry purposely—that is, of course, one is anxious to know about the Catholics as about one's own people: and little Mr. Rood, who was one of my poor brother Steyne's lawyers, told me there is not one young man of that party at this moment who can be called a desirable person. Be very civil to Madame de Florac; she sees some of the old legitimists, and you know I am *brouillée* with that party of late years."

"There is the Marquis de Montluc, who has a large fortune for France," said Ethel, gravely; "he has a hump-back, but he is very spiritual. Monsieur de Cadillan paid me some compliments the other night, and even asked George Barnes what my *dot* was. He is a widower, and has a wig and two daughters. Which do you think would be the greatest incumbrance, grandmamma,—a hump-back, or a wig and two daughters? I like Madame de Florac; for the sake of the

borough, I must try and like poor Madame de Montcontour, and I will go and see them whenever you please."

So Ethel went to see Madame de Florac. She was very kind to Madame de Préville's children, Madame de Florac's grandchildren; she was gay and gracious with Madame de Montcontour. She went again and again to the Hôtel de Florac, not caring for Lady Kew's own circle of statesmen and diplomatists, Russian, and Spanish, and French, whose talk about the courts of Europe,—who was in favour at St. Petersburg, and who was in disgrace at Schoenbrunn,—naturally did not amuse the lively young person. The goodness of Madame de Florac's life, the tranquil grace and melancholy kindness with which the French lady received her, soothed and pleased Miss Ethel. She came and reposed in Madame de Florac's quiet chamber, or sate in the shade in the sober old garden of her hotel; away from all the trouble and chatter of the salons, the gossip of the embassies, the fluttering ceremonial of the Parisian ladies' visits in their fine toilettes, the *fadaises* of the dancing dandies, and the pompous mysteries of the old statesmen who frequented her grandmother's apartment. The world began for her at night; when she went in the train of the old Countess from hotel to hotel, and danced waltz after waltz with Prussian and Neapolitan secretaries, with princes' officers of ordonnance,—with personages even more lofty very likely,—for the court of the Citizen King was then in its splendour; and there must surely have been a number of nimble young royal highnesses who would like to dance with such a beauty as Miss Newcome. The Marquis of Farintosh had a share in these polite amusements. His English conversation was not brilliant as yet, although his French was eccentric; but at the court balls, whether he appeared in his uniform of the Scotch Archers, or in his native Glenlivat tartan, there certainly was not in his own or the public estimation a handsomer young nobleman in Paris that season. It has been said that he was greatly improved in dancing; and, for a young man of his age, his whiskers were really extraordinarily large and curly.

Miss Newcome, out of consideration for her grandmother's strange antipathy to him, did not inform Lady Kew, that a young gentleman by the name of Clive occasionally came to visit the Hôtel de Florac. At first, with her French education, Madame de Florac never would have thought of allowing the cousins to meet in her house; but with the English it was different. Paul assured her that in the English chateaux, *les Meess* walked for entire hours with the young men, made parties of the fish, mounted to horse with them, the whole with the permission of the mothers. "When I was at Newcome, Miss Ethel rode with me several times," Paul said; "*à preuve* that we went to visit an old relation of the family, who adores Clive and his father." When Madame de Florac questioned her son about the young Marquis to whom it was said Ethel was engaged, Florac flouted the idea. "Engaged! This young Marquis is engaged to the Théâtre des Variétés, my mother. He laughs at the notion of an engagement. When one

charged him with it of late at the club; and asked how Mademoiselle Louqsor—she is so tall, that they call her the Louqsor—she is an *Odalisque Obélisque*, ma mère; when one asked how the Louqsor would pardon his pursuit of Miss Newcome? my Écossois permitted himself to say in full club, that it was Miss Newcome pursued him,—that nymph, that Diane, that charming and peerless young creature! On which, as the others laughed, and his friend Monsieur Walleye applauded, I dared to say in my turn, 'Monsieur le Marquis, as a young man, not familiar with our language, you have said what is not true, Milor, and therefore luckily not mischievous. I have the honour to count of my friends the parents of the young lady of whom you have spoken. You never could have intended to say that a young Miss who lives under the guardianship of her parents, and is obedient to them, whom you meet in society all the nights, and at whose door your carriage is to be seen every day, is capable of that with which you charge her so gaily. These things say themselves, Monsieur, in the *coulisses* of the theatre, of women from whom you learn our language; not of young persons pure and chaste, Monsieur de Farintosh! Learn to respect your compatriots; to honour youth and innocence everywhere, Monsieur!—and when you forget yourself, permit one who might be your father to point where you are wrong.'"

"And what did he answer?" asked the Countess.

"I attended myself to a *soufflet*," replied Florac; but his reply was much more agreeable. The young insulary, with many blushes, and a *gros juron* as his polite way is, said he had not wished to say a word against that person.' 'Of whom the name,' cried I, 'ought never to be spoken in these places.' Herewith our little dispute ended."

So, occasionally, Mr. Clive had the good luck to meet with his cousin at the Hôtel de Florac, where, I daresay, all the inhabitants wished he should have his desire regarding this young lady. The Colonel had talked early to Madame de Florac about this wish of his life, impossible then to gratify, because Ethel was engaged to Lord Kew. Clive, in the fulness of his heart, imparted his passion to Florac, and in answer to Paul's offer to himself, had shown the Frenchman that kind letter in which his father bade him carry aid to "Léonore de Florac's son," in case he should need it. The case was all clear to the lively Paul. "Between my mother and your good Colonel there must have been an affair of the heart in the early days during the emigration." Clive owned his father had told him as much, at least that he himself had been attached to Mademoiselle de Blois. "It is for that that her heart yearns towards thee, that I have felt myself *entrained* toward thee since I saw thee"—Clive momentarily expected to be kissed again. "Tell thy father that I feel—am touched by his goodness with an eternal gratitude, and love every one that loves my mother." As far as wishes went, these two were eager promoters of Clive's little love affair; and Madame la Princesse became equally not less willing. Clive's good looks and good-nature had had their effects

upon that good-natured woman, and he was as great a favourite with her as with her husband. And thus it happened that when Miss Ethel came to pay her visit, and sat with Madame de Florac and her grandchildren in the garden, Mr. Newcome would sometimes walk up the avenue there, and salute the ladies.

If Ethel had not wanted to see him, would she have come? Yes; she used to say she was going to Madame de Préville's, not to Madame de Florac's, and would insist, I have no doubt, that it *was* Madame de Préville whom she went to see (whose husband was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, a Conseiller d'État, or other French big-wig), and that she had no idea of going to meet Clive, or that he was more than a casual acquaintance at the Hôtel de Florac. There was no part of her conduct in all her life which this lady, when it was impugned, would defend more strongly than this intimacy at the Hôtel de Florac. It is not with this I quarrel especially. My fair young readers, who have seen a half-dozen of seasons, can you call to mind the time when you had such a friendship for Emma Tomkins, that you were always at the Tomkins's, and notes were constantly passing between your house and hers? When her brother, Paget Tomkins, returned to India, did not your intimacy with Emma fall off? If your younger sister is not in the room, I know you will own as much to me. I think you are always deceiving yourselves and other people. I think the motive you put forward is very often not the real one; though you will confess, neither to yourself, nor to any human being, what the real motive is. I think that what you desire you pursue, and are as selfish in your way as your bearded fellow creatures are. And as for the truth being in you, of all the women in a great acquaintance, I protest there are but—never mind. A perfectly honest woman, a woman who never flatters, who never manages, who never cajoles, who never conceals, who never uses her eyes, who never speculates on the effect which she produces, who never is conscious of unspoken admiration, what a monster, I say, would such a female be! Miss Hopkins, you have been a coquette since you were a year old; you worked on your papa's friends in the nurse's arms by the fascination of your lace frock and pretty new sash and shoes; when you could just toddle, you practised your arts upon other children in the square, poor little lambkins sporting among the daisies; and *nunc in ovilia, mox in reluctantes dracones*, proceeding from the lambs to reluctant dragoons, you tried your arts upon Captain Paget Tomkins, who behaved so ill, and went to India without—without making those proposals which of course you never expected. Your intimacy was with Emma. It has cooled. Your sets are different. The Tomkins's are not *quite* &c. &c. You believe Captain Tomkins married a Miss O'Grady, &c. &c. Ah, my pretty, my sprightly Miss Hopkins, be gentle in your judgment of your neighbours!

CHAPTER IX.

CONTAINS TWO OR THREE ACTS OF A LITTLE COMEDY.

ALL this story is told by one, who, if he was not actually present at the circumstances here narrated, yet had information concerning them, and could supply such a narrative of facts and conversations as is, indeed, not less authentic than the details we have of other histories. How can I tell the feelings in a young lady's mind; the thoughts in a young gentleman's bosom?—As Professor Owen or Professor Agassiz takes a fragment of a bone, and builds an enormous forgotten monster out of it, wallowing in primæval quagmires, tearing down leaves and branches of plants that flourished thousands of years ago, and perhaps may be coal by this time—so the novelist puts this and that together: from the footprint finds the foot; from the foot, the brute who trod on it; from the brute, the plant he browsed on, the marsh in which he swam—and thus in his humble way a physiologist too, depicts the habits, size, appearance of the beings whereof he has to treat;—traces this slimy reptile through the mud, and describes his habits filthy and rapacious; prods down this butterfly with a pin, and depicts his beautiful coat and embroidered waistcoat; points out the singular structure of yonder more important animal, the megatherium of his history.

Suppose then, in the quaint old garden of the Hôtel de Florac, two young people are walking up and down in an avenue of lime-trees, which are still permitted to grow in that ancient place. In the centre of that avenue is a fountain, surmounted by a Triton so gray and moss-eaten, that though he holds his conch to his swelling lips, curling his tail in the arid basin, his instrument has had a sinecure for at least fifty years; and did not think fit even to play when the Bourbons, in

whose time he was erected, came back from their exile. At the end of the lime-tree avenue is a broken-nosed damp Faun, with a marble panpipe, who pipes to the spirit ditties which I believe never had any tune. The *perron* of the hotel is at the other end of the avenue; a couple of Cæsars on either side of the door-window, from which the inhabitants of the hotel issue into the garden—Caracalla frowning over his mouldy shoulder at Nerva, on to whose clipped hair the roofs of the gray chateau have been dribbling for ever so many long years. There are more statues gracing this noble place. There is Cupid, who has been at the point of kissing Psyche this half-century at least, though the delicious event has never come off, through all those blazing summers and dreary winters: there is Venus and her Boy under the damp little dome of a cracked old temple. Through the alley of this old garden, in which their ancestors have disported in hoops and powder, Monsieur de Florac's chair is wheeled by St. Jean, his attendant; Madame de Préville's children trot about, and skip, and play at cache-cache. The R. P. de Florac (when at home) paces up and down and meditates his sermons; Madame de Florac sadly walks sometimes to look at her roses; and Clive and Ethel Newcome are marching up and down; the children, and their bonne of course being there, jumping to and fro; and Madame de Florac, having just been called away to Monsieur le Comte, whose physician has come to see him.

Ethel says, "How charming and odd this solitude is: and how pleasant to hear the voices of the children playing in the neighbouring Convent-garden," of which they can see the new Chapel rising over the trees.

Clive remarks that "the neighbouring hotel has curiously changed its destination. One of the members of the Directory had it; and, no doubt, in the groves of its garden, Madame Tallien, and Madame Récamier, and Madame Beauharnais have danced under the lamps. Then a Marshal of the Empire inhabited it. Then it was restored to its legitimate owner, Monsieur le Marquis de Bricquabracque, whose descendants, having a law-suit about the Bricquabracque succession, sold the hotel to the Convent."

After some talk about nuns, Ethel says, "There were convents in England. She often thinks she would like to retire to one;" and she sighs as if her heart were in that scheme.

Clive, with a laugh, says, "Yes. If you could retire after the season, when you were very weary of the balls, a convent would be very nice. At Rome he had seen San Pietro in Montorio and Sant Onofrio, that delightful old place where Tasso died: people go and make a retreat there. In the ladies' convents, the ladies do the same thing—and he doubts whether they are much more or less wicked after their retreat, than gentlemen and ladies in England or France."

Ethel. Why do you sneer at all faith? Why should not a retreat do people good? Do you suppose the world is so satisfactory, that

those who are in it never wish for a while to leave it? (*She heaves a sigh and looks down towards a beautiful new dress of many flounces, which Madame de Flouncival, the great milliner, has sent her home that very day.*)

Clive. I do not know what the world is, except from afar off. I am like the Peri who looks into Paradise and sees angels within it. I live in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square: which is not within the gates of Paradise. I take the gate to be somewhere in Davies Street, leading out of Oxford Street into Grosvenor Square. There's another gate in Hay Hill: and another in Bruton Street, Bond ——

Ethel. Don't be a goose.

Clive. Why not? It is as good to be a goose, as to be a lady—no, a gentleman of fashion. Suppose I were a Viscount, an Earl, a Marquis, a Duke, would you say Goose? No, you would say Swan.

Ethel. Unkind and unjust!—ungenerous to make taunts which common people make: and to repeat to me those silly sarcasms which your low *Radical literary* friends are always putting in their books! Have I ever made any difference to *you?* Would I not sooner see you than the fine people? Would I talk with you, or with the young dandies most willingly? Are we not of the same blood, Clive; and of all the grandees I see about, can there be a grander gentleman than your dear old father? You need not squeeze my hand so.—Those little imps are look——that has nothing to do with the question. Viens Léonore! Tu connois bien, Monsieur, n'est-ce-pas? qui te fait de si jolis dessins?

Léonore. Ah, oui! Vous m'en ferez toujours n'est-ce-pas Monsieur Clive? des chevaux, et puis des petites filles avec leurs gouvernantes, et puis des maisons—et puis—et puis des maisons encore—où est bonne Maman? (*Exit little* LEONORE *down an alley.*)

Ethel. Do you remember when we were children, and you used to make drawings for us? I have some now that you did—in my geography book, which I used to read and read with Miss Quigley.

Clive. I remember all about our youth, Ethel.

Ethel. Tell me what you remember?

Clive. I remember one of the days, when I first saw you, I had been reading the "Arabian Nights" at school—and you came in in a bright dress of shot silk, amber and blue—and I thought you were like that fairy-princess who came out of the crystal box—because——"

Ethel. Because why?

Clive. Because I always thought that fairy somehow must be the most beautiful creature in all the world—that is, 'why and because.' Do not make me May Fair curtsies. You know whether you are good-looking or not: and how long I have thought you so. I remember when I thought I would like to be Ethel's knight, and that if there was anything she would have me do, I would try and achieve it in order to please her. I remember when I was so ignorant I did not know there was any difference in rank between us.

Ethel. Ah, Clive!

Clive. Now it is altered. Now I know the difference between a poor painter and a young lady of the world. Why haven't I a title and a great fortune? Why did I ever see you, Ethel; or, knowing the distance which it seems fate has placed between us, why have I seen you again?

Ethel (innocently). Have I ever made any difference between us? Whenever I may see you, am I not too glad? Don't I see you sometimes when I should not—no—I do not say when I should not; but when others, whom I am bound to obey, forbid me? What harm is there in my remembering old days? Why should I be ashamed of our relationship?—no, not ashamed—why should I forget it? Don't do that, sir; we have shaken hands twice already. Léonore! Xavier!

Clive. At one moment you like me: and at the next you seem to repent it. One day you seem happy when I come; and another day you are ashamed of me. Last Tuesday, when you came with those fine ladies to the Louvre, you seemed to blush when you saw me copying at my picture; and that stupid young lord looked quite alarmed because you spoke to me. My lot in life is not very brilliant; but I would not change it against that young man's—no, not with all his chances.

Ethel. What do you mean with all his chances?

Clive. You know very well. I mean I would not be as selfish, or as dull, or as ill-educated—I won't say worse of him—not to be as handsome, or as wealthy, or as noble as he is. I swear I would not now change my place against his, or give up being Clive Newcome to be my lord Marquis of Farintosh, with all his acres and titles of nobility.

Ethel. Why are you for ever harping about Lord Farintosh and his titles? I thought it was only women who were jealous—you gentlemen say so.—(*Hurriedly.*)—I am going to-night with grandmamma to the Minister of the Interior, and then to the Russian ball; and to-morrow to the Tuileries. We dine at the Embassy first; and on Sunday, I suppose, we shall go to the Rue d'Aguesseau. I can hardly come here before Mon——. Madame de Florac! Little Léonore is very like you—resembles you very much. My cousin says he longs to make a drawing of her.

Madame de Florac. My husband always likes that I should be present at his dinner. Pardon me, young people, that I have been away from you for a moment.

[*Exeunt* CLIVE, ETHEL, *and* Madame DE F. *into the house.*

CONVERSATION II.—*Scene* 1.

Miss Newcome arrives in Lady Kew's carriage, which enters the court of the Hôtel de Florac.

Saint Jean. Mademoiselle—Madame la Comtesse is gone out: but Madame has charged me to say, that she will be at home to the dinner of M. le Comte, as to the ordinary.

Miss Newcome. Madame de Préville is at home?

Saint Jean. Pardon me, Madame is gone out with M. le Baron, and M. Xavier, and Mademoiselle de Préville. They are gone, Miss, I believe, to visit the parents of Monsieur le Baron; of whom, it is probably to-day the fête: for Mademoiselle Léonore carried a bouquet—no doubt for her grandpapa. Will it please Mademoiselle to enter? I think Monsieur the Count sounds me. (*Bell rings.*)

Miss Newcome. Madame la Prince—Madame la Vicomtesse is at home? Monsieur St. Jean!

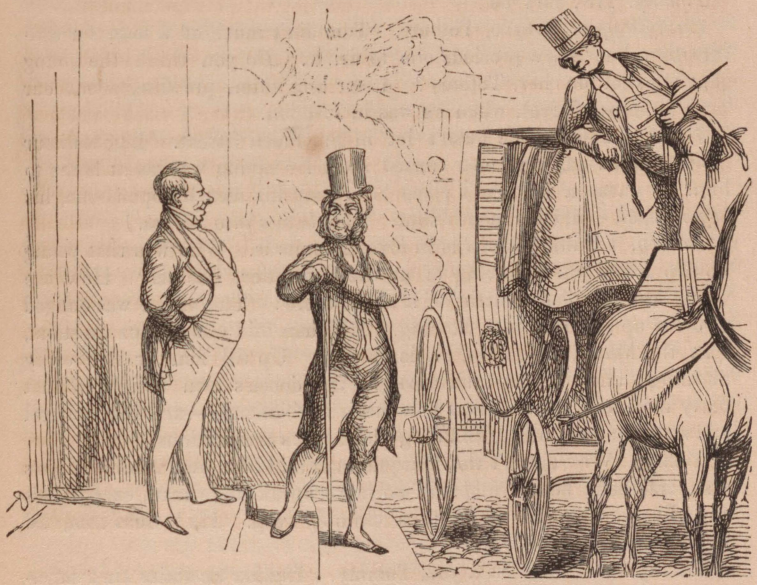
Saint Jean. I go to call the people of Madame la Vicomtesse.

[*Exit old* Saint Jean *to the carriage: a* Lackey *comes presently in a gorgeous livery, with buttons like little cheese-plates.*

The Lackey. The Princess is at home, Miss, and will be most appy to see you, Miss. (Miss *trips up the great stair: a gentleman out of livery has come forth to the landing, and introduces her to the apartments of* Madame la Princesse.)

The Lackey to the Servants on the box. Good morning, Thomas. How dy' do, old Backystopper?

Backystopper. How de do, Jim. I say, you couldn't give a feller a



drink of beer, could yer, Muncontour? It was precious *wet* last night, I can tell you. 'Ad to stop for three hours at the Napolitum Embassy, where we was a dancing. Me and some chaps went into Bob Parsom's and had a drain. Old Cat came out and couldn't find her carriage, not by no means, could she, Tommy? Blest if I didn't nearly drive her

into a wegetable cart. I was so uncommon scruey! Who's this a hentering at your pot-coshare? Billy, my fine feller!

Clive Newcome (*by the most singular coincidence*). Madame la Princesse?

Lackey. We, Munseer. (*He rings a bell: the gentleman in black appears as before on the landing-place up the stair.*) [*Exit* CLIVE.

Backystopper. I say, Bill: is that young chap often a coming about here? They'd run pretty in a curricle, wouldn't they? Miss N. and Master N. Quiet old woman! Jest look to that mare's ead, will you, Billy? He's a fine young feller, that is. He gave me a sovering the other night. Whenever I sor him in the Park, he was always riding an ansum hanimal. What is he? They said in our 'all he was a hartis. I can 'ardly think that. Why, there used to be a hartis come to our club, and painted two or three of my 'osses, and my old woman too.

Lackey. There's hartises and hartises, Backystopper. Why there's some on 'em comes here with more stars on their coats than Dukes has got. Have you never 'eard of Mossyer Verny, or Mossyer Gudang?

Backystopper. They say this young gent is sweet on Miss N.; which, I guess, I wish he may git it.

Tommy. He! he! he!

Backystopper. Brayvo, Tommy. Tom ain't much of a man for conversation, but he's a precious one to drink. *Do* you think the young gent is sweet on her, Tommy? I sor him often prowling about our 'ouse in Queen Street, when we was in London.

Tommy. I guess he wasn't let in in Queen Street. I guess hour little Buttons was very near turned away for saying we was at home to him. I guess a footman's place is to keep his mouth hopen—no, his *heyes* hopen—and his mouth shut. (*He lapses into silence.*)

Lackey. I think Thomis is in love, Thomis is. Who was that young woman I saw you a dancing of at the Showmier, Thomis? How the young Marquis was a cuttin' of it about there! The pleace was obliged to come up and stop him dancing. His man told old Buzfuz up-stairs, that the Marquis's goings on is hawful. Up till four or five every morning; blind hookey, shampaign, the dooce's own delight. That party have had I don't know how much in diamonds—and they quarrel and swear at each other, and fling plates: it's tremendous.

Tommy. Why doesn't the Marquis man mind his own affairs? He's a supersellious beast: and will no more speak to a man, except he's out-a-livery, than he would to a chimbly swip. He! Cuss him, I'd fight 'im for 'alf a crown.

Lackey. And we'd back you, Tommy. Buzfuz up-stairs ain't supersellious; nor is the Prince's walet nether. That old Sangjang's a rum old guvnor. He was in England with the Count, fifty years ago—in the hemigration—in Queen Hann's time, you know. He used to support the old Count. He says he remembers a young Musseer Newcome then, that used to take lessons from the Shevallier, the Countess' father—there's my bell. [*Exit Lackey*.

Backystopper. Not a bad chap that. Sports his money very free—sings an uncommon good song.

Thomas. Pretty voice, but no cultiwation.

Lackey (who re-enters). Be here at two o'clock for Miss N, Take anything? Come round the corner.—There's a capital shop round the corner. [*Exeunt Servants.*

SCENE II.

Ethel. I can't think where Madame de Montcontour has gone. How very odd it was that you should come here—that we should both come here to-day! How surprised I was to see you at the Minister's! Grandmamma was so angry! "That boy pursues us wherever we go," she said. I am sure I don't know why we shouldn't meet, Clive. It seems to be wrong even my seeing you by chance here. Do you know, sir, what a scolding I had about—about going to Brighton with you? My grandmother did not hear of it till we were in Scotland, when that foolish maid of mine talked of it to her maid; and there was oh, such a tempest! If there were a Bastile here, she would like to lock you into it. She says that you are always upon our way—I don't know how, I am sure. She says, but for you I should have been—you know what I should have been: but I am thankful that I wasn't, and Kew has got a much nicer wife in Henrietta Pulleyn, than I could ever have been to him. She will be happier than Clara, Clive. Kew is one of the kindest creatures in the world—not very wise; not very strong: but he is just such a kind, easy, generous, little man, as will make a girl like Henrietta quite happy.

Clive. But not you, Ethel?

Ethel. No, nor I him. My temper is difficult, Clive, and I fear few men would bear with me. I feel, somehow, always very lonely. How old am I? Twenty—I feel sometimes as if I was a hundred; and in the midst of all these admirations and fêtes and flatteries, so tired, oh, so tired! And yet if I don't have them, I miss them. How I wish I was religious like Madame de Florac: there is no day that she does not go to church. She is for ever busy with charities, clergymen, conversions; I think the Princess will be brought over ere long—that dear old Madame de Florac! and yet she is no happier than the rest of us. Hortense is an empty little thing, who thinks of her prosy fat Camille with spectacles, and of her two children, and of nothing else in the world besides. Who is happy? Clive!

Clive. You say Barnes's wife is not.

Ethel. We are like brother and sister, so I may talk to you. Barnes is very cruel to her. At Newcome, last winter, poor Clara used to come into my room with tears in her eyes morning after morning. He calls her a fool; and seems to take a pride in humiliating her before company. My poor father has luckily taken a great liking to her: and before him, for he has grown very very hot-tempered since his illness, Barnes leaves poor Clara alone. We were in hopes that the baby

might make matters better, but as it is a little girl, Barnes chooses to be very much disappointed. He wants papa to give up his seat in Parliament, but he clings to that more than anything. O dear me, who is happy in the world? What a pity Lord Highgate's father had not died sooner! He and Barnes have been reconciled. I wonder my brother's spirit did not revolt against it. The old lord used to keep a great sum of money at the bank, I believe: and the present one does so still: he has paid all his debts off: and Barnes is actually friends with him. He is always abusing the Dorkings, who want to borrow money from the bank, he says. This eagerness for money is horrible. If I had been Barnes I would never have been reconciled with Mr. Belsize, never, never! And yet they say he was quite right: and grandmamma is even pleased that Lord Highgate should be asked to dine in Park Lane. Poor papa is there: come to attend his parliamentary duties as he thinks. He went to a division the other night; and was actually lifted out of his carriage and wheeled into the lobby in a chair. The ministers thanked him for coming. I believe he thinks he will have his peerage yet. O what a life of vanity ours is!

Enter Madame de Montcontour. What are you young folks a talkin' about—Balls and Operas? When first I was took to the Opera I did not like it—and fell asleep. But now, oh, it's 'eavenly to hear Grisi sing!

The Clock. Ting, Ting!

Ethel. Two o'clock already! I must run back to grandmamma Good-bye, Madame de Montcontour; I am so sorry I have not been able to see dear Madame de Florac. I will try and come to her on Thursday—please tell her. Shall we meet you at the American minister's to-night, or at Madame de Brie's to-morrow? Friday is your own night —I hope grandmamma will bring me. How charming your last music was! Good-bye, mon cousin! You shall *not* come down stairs with me, I insist upon it, sir: and had much best remain here, and finish your drawing of Madame de Montcontour.

Princess. I've put on the velvet, you see, Clive—though it's very 'ot in May. Good-bye, my dear. [*Exit* ETHEL.

As far as we can judge from the above conversation, which we need not prolong—as the talk between Madame de Montcontour and Monsieur Clive, after a few complimentary remarks about Ethel, had nothing to do with the history of the Newcomes—as far as we can judge, the above little colloquy took place on Monday: and about Wednesday, Madame la Comtesse de Florac received a little note from Clive, in which he said, that one day when she came to the Louvre, where he was copying, she had admired a picture of a Virgin and Child, by Sasso Ferrato, since when he had been occupied in making a water-colour drawing after the picture, and hoped she would be pleased to accept the copy from her affectionate and grateful servant, Clive Newcome. The drawing would be done the next day, when he would call with it in his hand. Of course Madame de Florac received this announcement very kindly;

and sent back by Clive's servant a note of thanks to that young gentleman.

Now on Thursday morning, about one o'clock, by one of those singular coincidences which &c. &c., who should come to the Hôtel de Florac but Miss Ethel Newcome? Madame la Comtesse was at home, waiting to receive Clive and his picture: but Miss Ethel's appearance frightened the good lady, so much so that she felt quite guilty at seeing the girl, whose parents might think—I don't know what they might not think—that Madame de Florac was trying to make a match between the young people. Hence arose the words uttered by the Countess, after a while, in

CONVERSATION III.

Madame de Florac (*at work*). And so you like to quit the world, and to come to our *triste* old hotel. After to-day you will find it still more melancholy, my poor child.

Ethel. And why?

Madame de F. Some one who has been here to *égayer* our little meetings will come no more.

Ethel. Is the Abbé de Florac going to quit Paris, Madame?

Madame de F. It is not of him that I speak, thou knowest it very well, my daughter. Thou hast seen my poor Clive twice here. He will come once again, and then no more. My conscience reproaches me that I have admitted him at all. But he is like a son to me, and was so confided to me by his father. Five years ago, when we met, after an absence—of how many years!—Colonel Newcome told me what hopes he had cherished for his boy. You know well, my daughter, with whom those hopes were connected. Then he wrote me that family arrangements rendered his plans impossible—that the hand of Miss Newcome was promised elsewhere. When I heard from my son Paul how these negotiations were broken, my heart rejoiced, Ethel, for my friend's sake. I am an old woman now, who have seen the world, and all sorts of men. Men more brilliant no doubt I have known, but such a heart as his, such a faith as his, such a generosity and simplicity as Thomas Newcome's—never!

Ethel (*smiling*). Indeed, dear lady, I think with you.

Madame de F. I understand thy smile, my daughter. I can say to thee, that when we were children almost, I knew thy good uncle. My poor father took the pride of his family into exile with him. Our poverty only made his pride the greater. Even before the emigration a contract had been passed between our family and the Count de Florac. I could not be wanting to the word given by my father. For how many long years have I kept it! But when I see a young girl who may be made the victim—the subject of a marriage of convenience, as I was—my heart pities her. And if I love her, as I love you, I tell her my thoughts. Better poverty, Ethel: better a cell in a convent: than a union without love. Is it written eternally that men are to make

slaves of us? Here in France, above all, our fathers sell us every day. And what a society ours is! Thou wilt know this when thou art married. There are some laws so cruel that nature revolts against them, and breaks them—or we die in keeping them. You smile. I have been nearly fifty years dying—*n'est-ce-pas?*—and am here an old woman, complaining to a young girl. It is because our recollections of youth are always young: and because I have suffered so, that I would spare those I love a like grief. Do you know that the children of those who do not love in marriage seem to bear an hereditary coldness, and do not love their parents as other children do? They witness our differences and our indifferences, hear our recriminations, take one side or the other in our disputes, and are partisans for father or mother. We force ourselves to be hypocrites, and hide our wrongs from them; we speak of a bad father with false praises; we wear feint smiles over our tears and deceive our children—deceive them, do we? Even from the exercise of that pious deceit there is no woman but suffers in the estimation of her sons. They may shield her as champions against their father's selfishness or cruelty. In this case, what a war! What a home, where the son sees a tyrant in the father, and in the mother but a trembling victim! I speak not for myself—whatever may have been the course of our long wedded life, I have not to complain of these ignoble storms. But when the family chief neglects his wife, or prefers another to her, the children too, courtiers as we are, will desert her. You look incredulous about domestic love. Tenez, my child, if I may so surmise, I think you cannot have seen it.

Ethel (*blushing and thinking, perhaps, how she esteems her father, how her mother, and how much they esteem each other*). My father and mother have been most kind to all their children, madam; and no one can say that their marriage has been otherwise than happy. My mother is the kindest and most affectionate mother, and— (*Here a vision of Sir Brian alone in his room, and nobody really caring for him so much as his valet, who loves him to the extent of fifty pounds a-year and perquisites; or, perhaps, Miss Cann, who reads to him, and plays a good deal of evenings, much to Sir Brian's liking—here this vision, we say, comes, and stops Miss Ethel's sentence.*)

Madame de F. Your father, in his infirmity—and yet he is five years younger than Colonel Newcome—is happy to have such a wife and such children. They comfort his age; they cheer his sickness; they confide their griefs and pleasures to him—is it not so? His closing days are soothed by their affection.

Ethel. Oh, no, no! And yet it is not his fault or ours, that he is a stranger to us. He used to be all day at the bank, or at night in the House of Commons, or he and mamma went to parties, and we young ones remained with the governess. Mamma is very kind. I have never, almost, known her angry; never with us; about us, sometimes, with the servants. As children, we used to see papa and mamma at breakfast; and then when she was dressing to go out.

Since he has been ill, she has given up all parties. I wanted to do so too. I feel ashamed in the world, sometimes, when I think of my poor father at home, alone. I wanted to stay, but my mother and my grandmother forbade me. Grandmamma has a fortune, which she says I am to have; since then they have insisted on my being with her. She is very clever, you know: she is kind too in her way; but she cannot live out of society. And I, who pretend to revolt, I like it too; and I, who rail and scorn flatterers—oh, I like admiration! I am pleased when the women hate me, and the young men leave them for me. Though I despise many of these, yet I can't help drawing them towards me. One or two of them I have seen unhappy about me, and I like it; and if they are indifferent I am angry, and never tire till they come back. I love beautiful dresses; I love fine jewels; I love a great name and a fine house—oh, I despise myself, when I think of these things! When I lie in bed, and say I have been heartless and a coquette, I cry with humiliation: and then rebel and say, Why not?—and to-night—yes, to-night—after leaving you, I shall be wicked, I know I shall.

Madame de F. (*sadly*). One will pray for thee, my child.

Ethel (*sadly*). I thought I might be good once. I used to say my own prayers then. Now I speak them but by rote, and feel ashamed—yes, ashamed to speak them. Is it not horrid to say them, and next morning to be no better than you were last night? Often I revolt at these as at other things, and am dumb. The Vicar comes to see us at Newcome, and eats so much dinner, and pays us such court, and "Sir Brian's" papa, and "Your ladyship's" mamma. With grandmamma I go to hear a fashionable preacher—Clive's uncle, whose sister lets lodgings at Brighton; such a queer, blushing, pompous, honest old lady. Do you know that Clive's aunt lets lodgings at Brighton?

Madame de F. My father was an usher in a school. Monsieur de Florac gave lessons in the emigration. Do you know in what?

Ethel. O, the old nobility! that is different, you know. That Mr. Honeyman is so affected that I have no patience with him!

Madame de F. (*with a sigh*). I wish you could attend the services of a better church. And when was it you thought you might be good, Ethel?

Ethel. When I was a girl. Before I came out. When I used to take long rides with my dear Uncle Newcome; and he used to talk to me in his sweet simple way; and he said I reminded him of some one he once knew.

Madame de F. Who—who was that, Ethel?

Ethel (*looking up at Gerard's picture of the Countess de Florac*). What odd dresses you wore in the time of the Empire, Madame de Florac! How could you ever have such high waists, and such wonderful *fraises!* (MADAME DE FLORAC *kisses* ETHEL. *Tableau.*)

Enter SAINT JEAN, *preceding a gentleman with a drawing-board under his arm.*

Saint Jean. Monsieur Claive! [*Exit* SAINT JEAN.

Clive. How do you do, Madame le Comtesse? Mademoiselle, j'ai l'honneur de vous souhaiter le bon jour.

Madame de F. Do you come from the Louvre? Have you finished that beautiful copy, mon ami?

Clive. I have brought it for you. It is not very good. There are always so many *petites demoiselles* copying that Sasso Ferrato; and they chatter about it so, and hop from one easel to another; and the young artists are always coming to give them advice—so that there is no getting a good look at the picture. But I have brought you the sketch; and am so pleased that you asked for it.

Madame de F. (*surveying the sketch*). It is charming—charming! What shall we give to our painter for his chef-d'œuvre?

Clive (*kisses her hand*). There is my pay! And you will be glad to hear that two of my portraits have been received at the Exhibition. My uncle, the clergyman, and Mr. Butts, of the Life-Guards.

Ethel. Mr. Butts—quel nom! Je ne connois aucun M. Butts!

Clive. He has a famous head to draw. They refused Crackthorpe, and—and one or two other heads I sent in.

Ethel (*tossing up hers*). Miss Mackenzie's, I suppose!

Clive. Yes, Miss Mackenzie's. It is a sweet little face; too delicate for my hand though.

Ethel. So is a wax-doll's a pretty face. Pink cheeks; china-blue eyes; and hair the colour of old Madame Hempenfeld's—not her last hair—her last but one. (*She goes to a window that looks into the court.*)

Clive (*to the* Countess). Miss Mackenzie speaks more respectfully of other people's eyes and hair. She thinks there is nobody in the world to compare to Miss Newcome.

Madame de F. (*aside*). And you, mon ami? This is the last time, entendez-vouz? You must never come here again. If M. le Comte knew it he never would pardon me. Encore! (*He kisses her ladyship's hand again.*)

Clive. A good action gains to be repeated. Miss Newcome, does the view of the court-yard please you? The old trees and the garden are better. That dear old Faun without a nose! I must have a sketch of him: the creepers round the base are beautiful.

Miss N. I was looking to see if the carriage had come for me. It is time that I return home.

Clive. That is my Brougham. May I carry you anywhere? I hire him by the hour; and I will carry you to the end of the world.

Miss N. Where are you going, Madame de Florac?—to show that sketch to M. le Comte? Dear me! I don't fancy that M. de Florac can care for such things! I am sure I have seen many as pretty on the quays for twenty-five sous. I wonder the carriage is not come for me.

Clive. You can take mine without my company, as that seems not to please you.

Miss N. Your company is sometimes very pleasant—when you please. Sometimes, as last night, for instance, you are not particularly lively.

Clive. Last night, after moving heaven and earth to get an invitation to Madame de Brie—I say, heaven and earth, that is a French phrase—I arrive there; I find Miss Newcome engaged for almost every dance, waltzing with M. de Klingenspohr, galloping with Count de Capri, galloping and waltzing with the most noble the Marquis of Farintosh. She will scarce speak to me during the evening; and when I wait till midnight, her grandmamma whisks her home, and I am left alone for my pains. Lady Kew is in one of her high moods, and the only words she condescends to say to me are, "O, I thought you had returned to London," with which she turns her venerable back upon me.

Miss N. A fortnight ago you said you were going to London. You said the copies you were about here would not take you another week, and that was three weeks since.

Clive. It were best I had gone.

Miss N. If you think so, I cannot but think so.

Clive. Why do I stay and hover about you, and follow you—you know I follow you. Can I live on a smile vouchsafed twice a-week, and no brighter than you give to all the world? What do I get, but to hear your beauty praised, and to see you, night after night, happy and smiling and triumphant, the partner of other men? Does it add zest to your triumph, to think that I behold it? I believe you would like a crowd of us to pursue you.

Miss N. To pursue me; and if they find me alone, by chance to compliment me with such speeches as you make? That would be pleasure indeed! Answer me here in return, Clive. Have I ever disguised from any of my friends the regard I have for you? Why should I? Have not I taken your part when you were maligned? In former days, when—when Lord Kew asked me, as he had a right to do then—I said it was as a brother I held you; and always would. If I have been wrong, it has been for two or three times in seeing you at all—or seeing you thus; in letting you speak to me as you do—injure me as you do. Do you think I have not had hard enough words said to me about you, but that you must attack me too in turn? Last night only, because you were at the ball. It was very, very wrong of me to tell you I was going there. As we went home, Lady Kew——Go, sir. I never thought you would have seen in me this humiliation.

Clive. Is it possible that I should have made Ethel Newcome shed tears? O, dry them, dry them. Forgive me, Ethel, forgive me! I have no right to jealousy, or to reproach you—I know that. If others admire you, surely I ought to know that they—they do but as I do: I should be proud, not angry, that they admire my Ethel—my sister, if you can be no more.

Ethel. I will be that always, whatever harsh things you think or say

of me. There, sir, I am not going to be so foolish as to cry again. Have you been studying very hard? Are your pictures good at the Exhibition? I like you with your mustachios best, and order you not to cut them off again. The young men here wear them. I hardly knew Charles Beardmore when he arrived from Berlin the other day, like a sapper and miner. His little sisters cried out, and were quite frightened by his apparition. Why are you not in diplomacy? That day, at Brighton, when Lord Farintosh asked, whether you were in the army? I thought to myself, why is he not?

Clive. A man in the army may pretend to anything, *n'est-ce-pas?* He wears a lovely uniform. He may be a General, a K.C.B., a Viscount, an Earl. He may be valiant in arms, and wanting a leg, like the lover in the song. It is peace-time, you say? so much the worse career for a soldier. My father would not have me, he said, for ever dangling in barracks, or smoking in country billiard rooms. I have no taste for law: and as for diplomacy, I have no relations in the Cabinet, and no uncles in the House of Peers. Could my uncle, who is in Parliament, help me much, do you think; or would he, if he could?—or Barnes, his noble son and heir, after him?

Ethel (*musing*). Barnes would not, perhaps, but papa might even still, and you have friends who are fond of you.

Clive. No—no one can help me: and my art, Ethel, is not only my choice and my love, but my honour too. I shall never distinguish myself in it: I may take smart likenesses, but that is all. I am not fit to grind my friend Ridley's colours for him. Nor would my father, who loves his own profession so, make a good general probably. He always says so. I thought better of myself when I began as a boy; and was a conceited youngster, expecting to carry it all before me. But as I walked the Vatican, and looked at Raphael, and at the great Michael —I knew I was but a poor little creature; and in contemplating his genius, shrunk up till I felt myself as small as a man looks under the dome of St. Peter's. Why should I wish to have a great genius?—Yes, there is one reason why I should like to have it.

Ethel. And that is?

Clive. To give it you, if it pleased you, Ethel. But I might wish for the roc's egg: there is no way of robbing the bird. I must take a humble place, and you want a brilliant one. A brilliant one! O, Ethel, what a standard we folks measure fame by! To have your name in the "Morning Post," and to go to three balls every night. To have your dress described at the Drawing Room; and your arrival, from a round of visits in the country, at your town house; and the entertainment of the Marchioness of Farin——

Ethel. Sir, if you please, no calling names.

Clive. I wonder at it. For you are in the world, and you love the world, whatever you may say. And I wonder that one of your strength of mind should so care for it. I think my simple old father is much finer than all your grandees: his single-mindedness more lofty than all

their bowing, and haughtiness, and scheming. What are you thinking of, as you stand in that pretty attitude, like Mnemosyne—with your finger on your chin?

Ethel. Mnemosyne! who was she? I think I like you best when you are quiet and gentle, and not when you are flaming out and sarcastic, sir. And so you think you will never be a famous painter? They are quite in society here. I was so pleased, because two of them dined at the Tuileries when grandmamma was there; and she mistook one, who was covered all over with crosses, for an ambassador, I believe, till the Queen called him Monsieur Delaroche. She says, there is no knowing people in this country. And do you think you will never be able to paint as well as M. Delaroche?

Clive. No—never.

Ethel. And—and—you will never give up painting?

Clive. No—never. That would be like leaving your friend who was poor; or deserting your mistress, because you were disappointed about her money. They do those things in the great world, Ethel.

Ethel (*with a sigh*). Yes.

Clive. If it is so false, and base, and hollow, this great world—if its aims are so mean, its successes so paltry, the sacrifices it asks of you so degrading, the pleasures it gives you so wearisome, shameful even, why does Ethel Newcome cling to it? Will you be fairer, dear, with any other name than your own? Will you be happier, after a month, at bearing a great title, with a man whom you can't esteem, tied for ever to you, to be the father of Ethel's children, and the lord and master of her life and actions? The proudest woman in the world consents to bend herself to this ignominy, and own that a coronet is a bribe sufficient for her honour! What is the end of a Christian life, Ethel; a girl's pure nurture—it can't be this! Last week, as we walked in the garden here, and heard the nuns singing in their chapel, you said how hard it was that poor women should be imprisoned so, and were thankful that in England we had abolished that slavery. Then you cast your eyes to the ground, and mused as you paced the walk; and thought, I know, that perhaps their lot was better than some others'.

Ethel. Yes, I did. I was thinking, that almost all women are made slaves one way or other, and that these poor nuns perhaps were better off than we are.

Clive. I never will quarrel with nun or matron for following her vocation. But for our women, who are free, why should they rebel against Nature, shut their hearts up, sell their lives for rank and money, and forego the most precious right of their liberty? Look, Ethel, dear. I love you so, that if I thought another had your heart, an honest man, a loyal gentleman, like—like him of last year even, I think I could go back with a God bless you, and take to my pictures again, and work on in my own humble way. You seem like a queen to me, somehow; and I am but a poor, humble fellow, who might be

happy, I think, if you were. In those balls, where I have seen you surrounded by those brilliant young men, noble and wealthy, admirers like me, I have often thought, "How could I aspire to such a creature, and ask her to forego a palace to share the crust of a poor painter?"

Ethel. You spoke quite scornfully of palaces just now, Clive. I won't say a word about the—the regard which you express for me. I think you have it. Indeed, I do. But it were best not said, Clive; best for me, perhaps, not to own that I know it. In your speeches, my poor boy—and you will please not to make any more, or I never can see you or speak to you again, never—you forgot one part of a girl's duty; obedience to her parents. They would never agree to my marrying any one below—any one whose union would not be advantageous in a worldly point of view. I never would give such pain to the poor father, or to the kind soul who never said a harsh word to me since I was born. My grandmamma is kind, too, in her way. I came to her of my own free will. When she said she would leave me her fortune, do you think it was for myself alone that I was glad? My father's passion is to make an estate, and all my brothers and sisters will be but slenderly portioned. Lady Kew said she would help them if I came to her—and—it is the welfare of those little people that depends upon me, Clive. Now do you see, *brother*, why you must speak to me so no more? There is the carriage. God bless you, dear Clive.

(Clive sees the carriage drive away after Miss Newcome has entered it without once looking up to the window where he stands. When it is gone, he goes to the opposite windows of the salon, which are open, towards the garden. The chapel music begins to play from the convent, next door. As he hears it, he sinks down, his head in his hands.)

Enter Madame de Florac (*She goes to him with anxious looks.* What hast thou, my child? Hast thou spoken?

Clive (*very steadily*). Yes.

Madame de F. And she loves thee? I know she loves thee.

Clive. You hear the organ of the convent?

Madame de F. Qu' as tu?

Clive. I might as well hope to marry one of the sisters of yonder convent, dear lady. (*He sinks down again, and she kisses him.*)

Clive. I never had a mother; but you seem like one.

Madame de F. Mon fils, O mon fils!

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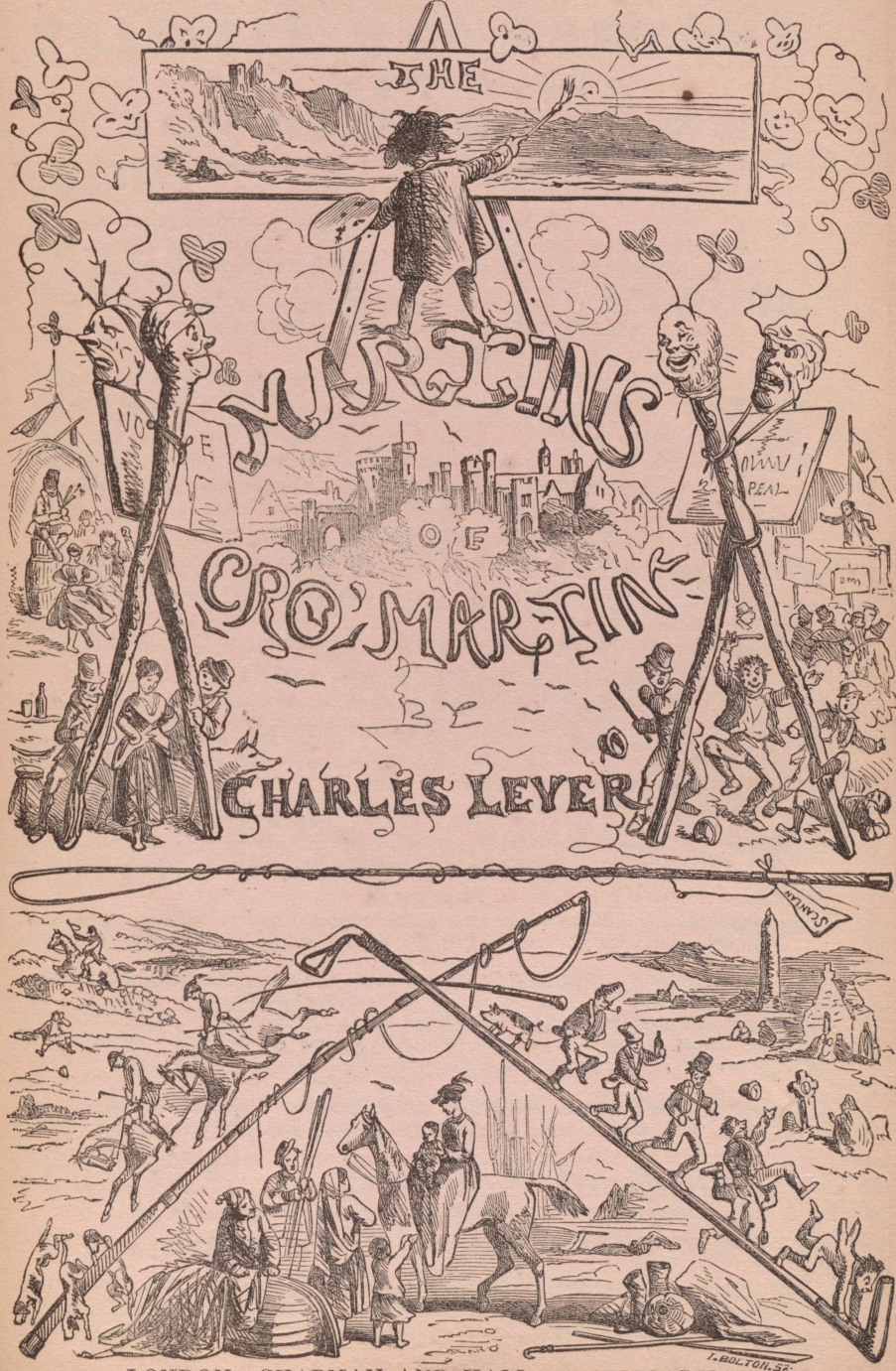

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